



CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)
"It is of no consequence," replied the former, turning to the marquise with some quiet remark concerning the weather.

The count bustled away from the room. The countess then earnestly inquired concerning all the turbulent movements in Paris, and the marquise was much impressed by the good sense and intelligence of her remarks.

"What!" thought he, "is that obtuse Languedoc ignorant of the superiority of the wife he treats so slightly?"

He might have guessed that this very superiority was cause enough for slight from such a little nature as the count's. The count came back in the highest spirits.

"That is as remarkable as prophetic," observed the marquise. "Are you sure this man has means of observation?"
"Certainly; a more faithful, trustworthy fellow cannot be found in all Europe."

The countess and her daughter exchanged glances. In the face of their knowledge it was certainly painfully ludicrous—this complaisance and self-sufficiency of the count's. The marquise did not lose this little by-play of dumb talk between the ladies.

"We must not be over confident," said he, "there is too much at stake to permit it lightly."

"Oh, no," responded the count, rubbing his hands briskly, and acting like a person just emerging from a nightmare of horror into perfect security.

"But we can afford to take Pierre's word, I will give warrant of that."

The countess opened her lips, and then closed them again, casting at the same time beseeching looks at Felicie. The latter spoke at once.

"But, papa, I do not in the least share your confidence. I can tell you something that will shake your faith in that odious M. Pierre."

"Odious M. Pierre! yes, that is it. Your ladyship has used my absence skillfully; you have instilled into the girl your own absurd and shameful antipathy to my favorite agent!" exclaimed the count, turning angrily to his wife.

She bit her lips ere she answered, with the utmost coolness:
"Felicie will assure you her prejudices are her own. But pray let us leave so disagreeable a subject. I think I hear the bell which summons us to the dining-room; I am sure you must be ready for the repast."

The marquise gave her arm, and Felicie went out with her father. The latter recovered his good humor at the table, and drank to the health of the future Marchioness De Berri. His daughter received it in silence.

"Edward should be here to respond," said the marquise, gayly, "but I trust a week from this will give him the privilege."

The ladies retired early, leaving the gentlemen to their wine.
"Mamma," exclaimed Felicie, "what is to be done? Papa will never credit our story, so obstinately does he pin his faith upon M. Pierre. And if we tell it, he will carry it at once to M. Pierre, and will not that ruin all?"

The countess sighed bitterly.
"I cherished the hope that he would at least give me credit for veracity. His mistaken confidence in that villain will greatly embarrass us. It will never do to risk the destruction of all by allowing M. Pierre to hear of our discovery. I see only one method."

"I know what that is, mamma. Wait until Emile comes, and ask his advice. I shall look for the flowers every morning and noon. It seems best to me, also."

"You have guessed my decision. And about the marquise and the marriage, Felicie?"

The girl dropped her head against her mother's shoulder.
"I am a coward, mamma, after all my brave talk. I dare not oppose my father's will. Besides, since Emile has seen him and pronounced him worthy, I do not feel so desperately miserable."

The countess kissed her fondly.
"Dear child, Heaven grant there may be no risk. His father is very prepossessing."

"Yes. I wonder how he came to be so intimate with papa, he is so different."

"Hush, my child, do not forget your filial respect."

Felicie accepted the reproof without comment, but as she contrasted this careful respect of her mother's with the tantalizing behavior of the count, she found it impossible not to reiterate her indignation mentally.

The next day the two gentlemen rode over to Frejus, dressed very plainly, and quite unattended. M. Pierre watched them ride away with malignant glee.

"There go two simpletons on a fool's errand," muttered he. "Do they expect all the people to come forward and inform them of the intended revolt? Much wiser may they be on their return."

CHAPTER IX.
HE marquise looked grave as he again entered the drawing room, and the countess hastily inquired:

"No ill news, I hope?"
"Nothing definite; but I am painfully anxious for my son's arrival. I don't fully share the count's confidence. There was a dogged, sul-

len look on some faces to-day, and on others a suppressed exultation, which suggests to me that Parisian doings are not entirely unknown. Some terrible thing has happened in Versailles, for one man muttered, when he thought the count was too far away to hear, 'What do you think of Versailles?' How many are left of the Guards? Ah, madam, I fear everything horrible!"

The countess sighed, but would not add to his disquietude by the revelations in her power to disclose.

The days wore on into weeks; the weeks became a month. Continual reports of additional horrors arrived, but no sign of the Marquis Edward. In vain, also, Lady Felicie strolled off morning after morning, to the meadow beyond. No longed-for blossoms appeared. If Emile lingered much longer the chilly winter winds would despoil them all. The father was restless and miserable, and dared not return to search for his son. The count, too, grew anxious and less confident. It was a terribly trying time for all. The countess wasted away fearfully; the suspense seemed consuming her very life. M. Pierre still remained with them, and outwardly everything proceeded calmly; but what a feverish tide surged and throbbed beneath the assumed mask of indifference on all sides.

The count and his noble guest were pacing the terrace just at twilight one October afternoon, when a ragged figure, in a rough peasant blouse, came slowly up the avenue. The count lifted his arm in a gesture of rebuke for the presumption, but the forlorn-looking creature gave no heed, only hurriedly approached nearer. Suddenly the marquise with a sob of relief and astonishment rushed to meet him.

"Edward! Good Heavens! In what a plight!"
"Yes, my father. Thank Heaven, I have reached you at last, but I am nearly dead with exposure and suffering," exclaimed the youth, and as he spoke he tottered and would have fallen but for the father's outstretched arm.

They carried him into the house through the balcony window, to save the prying curiosity of the servants, and so came most abruptly upon the countess and her daughter in the little parlor they had used constantly since the count's return. Lady Felicie's first view of her betrothed husband was certainly not a very flattering one. The pale face, the disordered hair, the rough, stained clothing might well change poor Edward's appearance. She retreated in dismay, and left them busily restoring animation to the half-insensible youth. When at length she summoned courage to return, he had been moved into an adjoining chamber. Her mother came out, and flinging her arms around her neck, fairly sobbed.

"What is it, dear mamma?" exclaimed Felicie.
"Oh, my child, what horrible times have we fallen upon! That poor youth has narrowly escaped with his life. He has been in prison all this time; he escaped the day after a fearful massacre. The palace was sacked, the Guards cut down; more than twenty thousand souls sent into eternity. The poor king and the royal family are close prisoners. La Fayette, himself, is denounced, and has fled to Germany. The whole land will be steeped in blood."

"But now the Marquis Edward has come, we shall all escape," said Felicie, soothingly, alarmed at the fixed look of anguish on her mother's face.

"Heaven grant it, my child; for you, at least, may there be safety, but a wild foreboding has seized me; I cannot shake it off."

"Hush, hush, my precious mamma, my blessed one, you are nervous and excited. Perhaps, Emile has come, likewise. Oh, do not give way, you who are all my support and strength."

The noble mother closed her daughter closely in her arms, closed her eyes, and Felicie saw her lips moving in fervent prayer. After that she smiled calmly.

"It is indeed wrong in me to frighten you, my Felicie; the weakness is over. Whatever it may be, I accept my fate humbly, as the portion dealt out to me by Heaven."

How often afterward did these thrilling words return to the tender daughter! How much comfort and grace did they pour into her bleeding, mournful heart!

"Some one aided him. It was a strange name—the Gray Falcon, I think he called it."

"It was not Emile, then. Somehow I fancied it might be this which detained him so long."

At this moment the count came into the apartment; he was fairly trembling with terror.

"Make ready for instant departure, Violante," said he; "the moment Edward is able to be moved, the marriage must take place, and an hour afterward must see us on the road to St. Joseph, where a fishing vessel lies waiting for us. The marquise and myself have converted everything possible into diamonds, and we shall not need to burden ourselves with anything bulky. We might take the plate, if it can be packed without discovery by the servants. No one but M. Pierre will know of our movements, till too late to hinder."

"M. Pierre!" exclaimed both mother and daughter, in horror.

"The old story!" ejaculated the count, angrily; "one would think at this awful time you might put aside this perversity."

"Count Languedoc, if you confide in that man, you are ruined; the horrors which come, whatever they may be, will lie upon your own conscience. Believe me, I beseech you, for this once in your life. M. Pierre is the leader of the band who wait but the signal for murdering us all," cried the countess, sternly.

"A pretty occasion to bring forward against a faithful fellow I have known and trusted for years; he is as anxious and alarmed as any one of us."

"He is an artful knave, indeed, if he has won your confidence so thoroughly that you will accept his word in contradiction to your wife and child," retorted the countess, bitterly.

"Oh, papa, papa, believe us," cried Felicie, "we have proof of his treachery, we heard with our own ears, we saw with our own eyes—"

"Tell me precisely what you accuse him of, what is your proof?"
"I will gladly do it, if you will assure me that you will not carry the story to him."

"Ah," sneered the count, "you will not allow him the opportunity to clear himself. I shall give you no such assurance, for I should certainly allow him to vindicate his honesty."

The countess wrung her hands.
"Perverse to the last! Immovable as a rock! What can we do?"

"Obey my instructions, get ready your clothing, and have a bridal dress for Felicie. It shall not be said a Languedoc was without fitting wedding garments, even in such a time as this."

The countess and her daughter went silently away. What could be done to convince him of the folly and wickedness of his conduct?

Edward was feverish and too ill to rise the next morning. Much as this delay distressed them, there seemed no other alternative than to be patient. But they were careworn, anxious faces which gathered around the breakfast table. Immediately after the meal, however, Lady Felicie came flying to her mother's side with sparkling eyes. In her hand she held a small nosegay of wild flowers.

"Oh, mamma, I seem to have found strength and safety. Emile is certainly at hand."

The countess' face brightened likewise.
"You found them on the bridge?"
"Yes, yes. What if we go to meet him there at the tree? You know since my father's return, the ghosts have forsaken the woods. He may give us valuable information."

"I will think about it. It will be difficult to elude your father's observation, and he would peremptorily forbid our leaving the house. Yet it is worth the trial."

"You do not look equal to it, ma chere mere. How can your face be grown! I almost think I have courage to go alone, rather than that you should venture."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ancient Laws of Ireland.
The ancient laws of Ireland, compiled about the time of the conversion of the island by St. Patrick, and known in their completed form as Cain Patraic, after the missionary, were curious in many ways. There is no trace of Roman law about this old Breton code, which, modified by St. Patrick, lasted as the law of the Irish quite down to Queen Elizabeth's time. It is like the old German codes in that it makes everything a matter of fine. When a judge on circuit, after the English fashion, is to be appointed by one of Henry VIII's viceroys to a new district, the chiefs beg to know what is his eric, in order that they may pay for him, in case their people "put him out of the way." And so it was in the fifth century. St. Patrick found a law of compensation existing, and he did not succeed in altering it. He attempted to do so, for he got sentence of death passed on the man who soon after his landing threw a lance and slew his charioteer. "The man was put to death for his crime; but Patrick obtained heaven for him." Therefore, quantities adds the old commentator, "as no one now has the power of bestowing heaven, as Patrick had that day, no one is put to death nowadays but has to pay his eric."

The basis, then, of Irish law was compensation. If any wrong is done, and not atoned for, the sufferer, or his tribe, has a "right of distress" against the criminal or his tribe. The seizure, whatever it was, was lodged in the public pound; and both parties went off to the brehon (judge) to get the case settled by him. The judge heard the witnesses and gave judgment, which was usually religiously respected. A commoner had to give a chieftain notice by fasting before his door for a given time, after which a seizure could be made. Undutiful children were forbidden to inherit property; for leaving a mad woman at large there was a "fine of ten cows, and for idiots not dangerous of five cows; a kinsman's crime could be visited on his father's, mother's or foster father's tribes. There was a certain exemption from seizure. No man could be deprived of his harp, his chess board, his raiment, his wife's lap dogs or his children's playthings.

No Orphan Asylum in Australia.
Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the state, and is paid a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due to him from the state to begin life with. This inculcates a humane, charitable and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chances of pauperism, and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.

Peaceful Slumber Unknown. DREADFUL DREAMS DRIVE SLEEP AWAY.

For Eight Years a Lady of Emporia, Kansas, Suffers Unbearable Agony—She Relates Her Experience.

From the Republican, Emporia, Kan.
Mrs. Jennie Carlow resides at 718 Merchant Street, Emporia, Kansas, and is the wife of W. R. Carlow, proprietor of the Carlow Wagon and Blacksmith Works, who is so well known as the "Past Grand" and as one of the most active members in Lodge 15, I. O. O. F., of Emporia.

The distress of a condition of chronic sleeplessness is so terrible. Mrs. Carlow's sufferings from it so well known, our readers will feel sure, will welcome the good news that she is now well, and will be glad to know how the cure was accomplished.

Mrs. Carlow's statement is hereto appended in narrative form:
"For many years I was a confirmed invalid, suffering constant pains through my breast and back, of the most excruciating type, rendering me absolutely helpless. I was unable to rise up, lie down without assistance, and was subject on the least exertion to flutterings of the heart and such shortness of breath, or dyspnea, that I often thought I was dying."

"Peaceful slumber was unknown to me. I would fall into a doze only to be awakened by the most horrible dreams, of too frightful a character to describe, and in the morning instead of being refreshed and rested, I would be utterly exhausted."

"I was attended at various times by every physician in the city, but none of them could do me any good, though I spent hundreds of dollars in my quest of health. About three months ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, whom you perhaps know, spoke to my husband advising a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, stating that they had permanently cured her after years of suffering from milk leg, and he at once procured a supply for me."

"By the time I had taken two boxes according to directions, for the first time in two years, I was able to enjoy peaceful and restful sleep, and as I continued to take them my health improved, so that now while using the fifth box, I feel quite recovered and my health is entirely restored. I still take two pills every night just before retiring, and wake up every morning perfectly happy."

"I advise every one whom I hear complaining to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for although I recognize the fact that medicine that will cure one, will not another, still as most diseases are due to a bad condition of the blood, Pink Pills in such cases will prove a certain cure. It is but a pity that I should have the most unbounded faith in them. I am only too glad to bear testimony through your paper as to what they have done for me."

The above is an exact report of Mrs. Carlow's statement. CHARLES HARRIS, (Signed) Reporter, Emporia, Kan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$3.00 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The venerable fig was one of the earliest fruits to be cultivated, and its praises are sung in poetry, history and romance, while the Bible frequently alludes to it. It was a principal food of the Greeks, and is now cultivated in all the countries around the Mediterranean, though our supply comes from Asia Minor, southern France and Spain.

Doubles the Pleasure of a Drive.
A fine carriage doubles the pleasure of driving. Intending buyers of carriages or harnesses are advised to send for a large, free catalogue of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

A novel safety lamp now used in German mines can be lighted without being opened. It is not closed in any special way, like other lamps, but its wick is provided with a cap that is forced down by a spring—instantly extinguishing the light—if the lamp is opened.

Hegbom's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

"Fire ornament" as a term of abuse has proved deadly to a 16-year-old girl at Hackney, who drowned herself in the River Lea, because the boys hooted at her, applying that description to her.

Lawrence Barrett's widow lives in London.

"Down Brakes, and Reverse!"
When a train is discovered rushing on to a collision, it is a thrilling instant as the engineer whistles "Down Brakes!" and reverses his lever. Brakes alone are not enough, the whole propelling power of the engine must be reversed and made to work in the opposite direction. That is how it is sometimes with disease.

There are times when the system is flying along the track of disease at such a frightful pace that no ordinary methods will prevent disaster. There are plenty of medicines which act merely as "brakes" to "slow up" the disease and put off disaster for a little while; but that isn't enough. What is needed is a medicine that will instantly reverse the entire wasting, degenerating process.

When people are losing flesh and strength and vitality, with the life ebbing out of them day after day, they need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which acts directly upon the vital forces, completely transforms the entire nutritive organism and totally reverses the wasting, debilitating process which is at the root of all diseases.

It enables the digestive and blood-making organs to supply the circulation with an abundance of pure, healthy, red blood. It stops the wasting of tissue, builds up solid muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

Miss Mary Whitman, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "For nearly ten months I have had a bad cough, and instead of getting better, it grew worse, until I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I hesitated at first, for it seemed to me nothing would give relief only death. My parents were anxious about me, and I was said to have consumption. I tried your medicine, and before I had taken many doses there was a great change. When the second bottle was empty I had no cough and was a great deal stronger."

Hindoostan had a monopoly on oranges till the fruit spread to the other parts of the world. The crusaders brought back oranges, but the ancients around the Mediterranean were so unhappy as to die without tasting this delicious fruit. We are all eating the descendants of one tree if what the Portuguese claim is true. They declare the progenitor of all American and European oranges was a single oriental tree transplanted to Lisbon and still living in the last generation.

Vibrating in Tuneful Accord.
Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overwrought, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorates it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

Herrmann, the recently deceased magician, earned \$600,000 in 12 years, spent it all and more and died almost penniless. He lost a great deal of money in disastrous theatrical schemes, and in stock speculation.

Chinese laundrymen command higher prices than laundresses of other nationalities. A Chinaman earns ordinarily from \$3 to \$15 a week and his board and lodging.

Sharks grow a new row of teeth for every year of their age until they reach maturity. The jaws of a full grown specimen can be extended about 18 inches.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco, saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

The Kiel canal is lighted over its 62 miles by electricity, and is the longest distance in the world lighted continuously in that way. There are 5000 poles.

Persia and Anatolia provided the original quinces, the Greeks took to their culture, and they may be seen on the walls of Pompeii.

American ice cream is advertised in the City of Mexico at "only one dollar for an American quart."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 30 cents a bottle.

Gage county, Nebraska, claims a woman who can husk 75 bushels of corn a day.

The Vermont Legislature passed a bill prohibiting Sunday excursion trains.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

Theater parties of women without escorts are common in New York.

Modjeska has 600 bee hives on her California ranch.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Michigan has a state mining school.
England has American railway cars.

Whoever chooses to use St. Jacobs Oil for
Hurts or Bruises
Will feel a CURE so SURE, Why—sometimes it amuses.

ALABASTINE.
IT WON'T RUB OFF.
Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. ALABASTINE IS TEMPORARY, RIPS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water.

For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere.
A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine FREE. Send for a free trial sample to any one mentioning this paper. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

His Turn. In the Country.

Willie (crying)—For goodness sake, papa, don't go in the house. Mamma's just thrashed me, and you'll be next!

Miss Helen—Are those cowlets, Harry?

Harry—I don't know whether they are cowlets or bullets.—Up to Date.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS
but have sold direct to the consumer for 14 years, at wholesale prices, making them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Every bottle warranted. 100 styles of carriages, 60 styles of harnesses, 100 styles of trunks, 100 styles of suitcases, 100 styles of valises, 100 styles of bags, 100 styles of hats, 100 styles of shoes, 100 styles of gloves, 100 styles of socks, 100 styles of underwear, 100 styles of outerwear, 100 styles of accessories. Send for large, free Catalogue, whole, upon and readers, \$10. As good as sells for \$20. ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PHATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

ANDY CATHARTIC
Cure Constipation
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cathartic is the ideal laxative, never grip or gripe, but causes easy natural results. Send for booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 27c.